



Puck

# PUCK

WEEK ENDING  
APRIL 18, 1914

PRICE  
TEN CENTS



THE LURE OF THE GREEN EYES

PAINTED BY W. H. BARRIBAL

# TRUTH JUSTICE BREVITY

VOL. LXXV. No. 1937. WEEK ENDING APRIL 18, 1914

Published by

**PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION**

NATHAN STRAUS, Jr., Pres. H. GRANT STRAUS, Sec. and Treas.  
395-399 Lafayette Street, New York.

Editor, HY MAYER. Literary Editor, A. H. FOLWELL. General Manager, FOSTER GILROY. Business Manager, W. G. NAYLOR.

Copyright, 1914, by Puck Publishing Corporation. All Rights Reserved.  
Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-Class Mail Matter.

Terms: \$5.00 per year.  
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.  
Payable in advance.

Address all correspondence to Puck Publishing Corporation.

THE cover of this issue by W. H. Barribal, of London, is the first one of a series of paintings by famous foreign artists. We have obtained these paintings through various sources, many of them being bought by Puck's personal representatives in Paris, Munich and London.

MR. HY MAYER has been travelling in Europe for two months, gathering foreign art material for Puck. He is now back at his desk. A selection of the paintings and drawings which he obtained while abroad will be published in nearly every issue of Puck.

IN the next issue there will be paintings by Fornaro and Marin, as well as cartoons by Joseph Keppler and De Zayas. The Puck staff of artists is unexcelled in America to-day. Nevertheless we are not satisfied, but are continually on the lookout for new artists whose work is of real merit. Puck is desirous of becoming the recognized medium for men whose work is of unusual and novel style—the style that has not found a market in the conventional American publications. Mr. Otis's painting "The Spider and the Flies," in this issue, is a striking example of the best that the younger American artists are producing.

MR. HY MAYER'S own world-famous cartoons that need no introduction will appear from now on in every issue of Puck.

YOU will not want to miss Puck. It's getting better with each issue and growing nearer our ideal of the most artistic, the most humorous and the most readable publication in America. The up-to-date American reads Puck. Do you? Better subscribe to-day. Tear off the coupon in the corner. If you see the next few issues of Puck, you will not want to miss it in future.

PUCK requires as its representatives bright boys in every city and town in the country. If any bright boy wants to learn an easy way of starting in a business that means both good fun and good money, he should write a letter to the Business Manager of Puck.

## USE THIS COUPON

You will get more than a dollar's worth of Entertainment and Fun

PUCK, 301 Lafayette Street, New York:

Enclosed find one dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26) for which send Puck, for three months, to

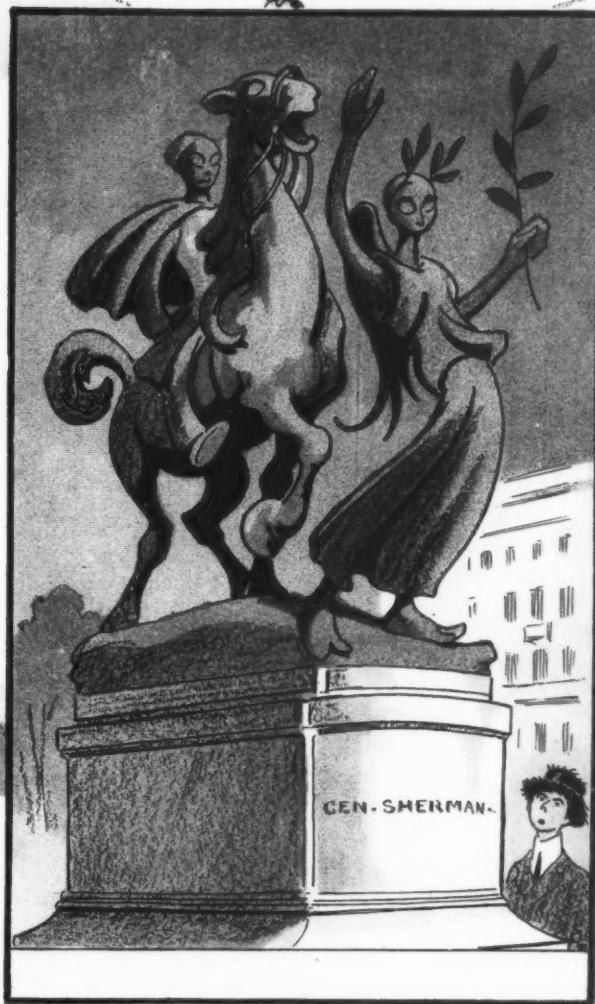
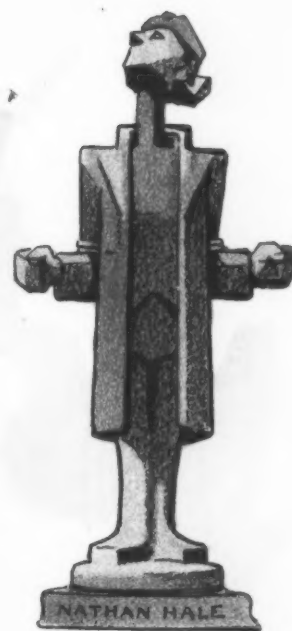
One Year \$5.00

Canadian \$5.50

Foreign \$6.00



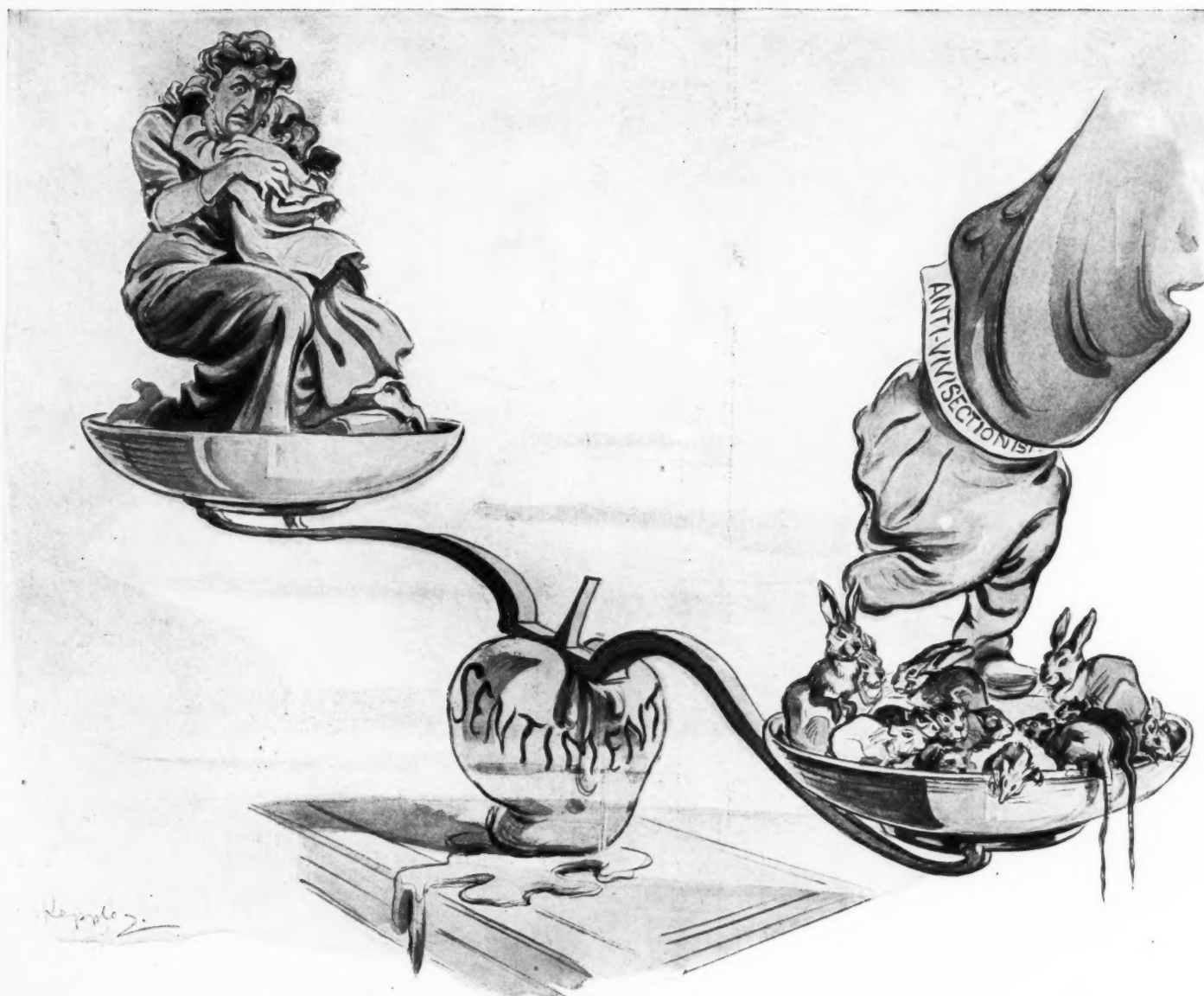
"Youth will be served"



DRAWN BY L. M. GLACKENS

**THE UPLIFT IN ART:**  
Sculpture Remodeled on a Post-Impressionist Basis





BRINGING IT HOME TO THE ANTI-VIVISECTIONIST  
Measured in rabbits, mice, or guinea pigs, how much is the life of your mother or sister worth?

## GRINAGRAMS

At "taking the blame" Colonel Seely is almost as proficient as Secretary Bill Loeb used to be. Than which there is no higher praise.

"I cannot talk about that report; I do not know anything about it," said George J. Gould. What the report may have been is immaterial; but what an extraordinary reason for not talking!

British revenues show an increase of \$47,204,490 in one year. The way these free trade countries are going to the wall is something staggering.

The strife in Mexico is getting more press notices than the war in the Balkans did. When a war is pushed off the first page, it may as well quit.

It is getting harder and harder to be a newspaper reader. On spotting a headline like "Federals Win," he can't tell off-hand whether it's baseball or Mexico.

According to an expert on such matters, there are twenty-five males to one female among cuckoos. Doubtless the reason why cuckoo-clocks speak only once an hour.

Senator Bailey remarks reprovingly that in the old days a man "knew why he was a Democrat." He did. It was usually because his father had been one.

Progressive Democrats of the Empire State are inclined to cry: "Douse the Glynn!"

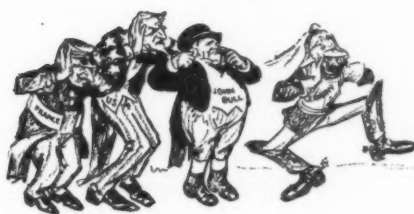
Things, according to General Coxey, are going fine. He expects to lead 500,000 men to Washington. The General should familiarize himself with that famous King of France who first marched up a hill and then marched down again.

"Life in jail is a fierce thing," said the Hon. Tom Sharkey after being there. Life out of jail is a fierce thing too, Thomas. So be a philosopher.

Uncle Joe Cannon has joined the Metaphor-Mixers Union. He says "the cornfields are full of presidential timber."

The Federal League is the Bull Moose Party of baseball.





## "What Fools these Mortals be!"

Attention is called to the picture on the opposite page. It is not a funny picture. It is not intended to be. Look at it carefully and then come back to this. Rabbits, mice and guinea-pigs are the animals most commonly used by science in wrestling with the problem of cure for dire disease. We repeat the caption of the picture opposite: "Measured in rabbits, mice, or guinea-pigs, how much is the life of your mother or sister worth?" Anti-vivisectionists, if they are consistent, would answer promptly and positively. Better lose a thousand human lives than sacrifice a single rabbit, mouse or guinea-pig in the experimental laboratory. That is what anti-vivisection means, if it means anything.

Now, as to another side of the question: To die in order that others may live is the highest type of service. True religion is founded on that principle or teaching. Mankind prizes the privilege, as countless acts of unselfish heroism amply attest, but man's opportunity for service in this respect, in the saving of lives, is small compared with that of

the humblest rabbit, mouse or guinea-pig. An engineer sticks to his cab and brings a trainload of fellow humans safely through a forest fire. A tiny animal in the hands of modern medical scientists may any day, any hour, any minute, be the means of saving ultimately thousands of human lives which now are a sacrifice to ignorance or imperfect knowledge.

That which is termed vivisection will not be stopped unless progress itself be stopped. Science requires live organs on which to experiment; organs in which life is extinct are useless in the experimental laboratory. If a sufficient number of Antis will offer their living bodies to the cause of science and humanity, the rabbits, the mice and the guinea-pigs may be spared, but there is no alternative, no other way. And why not? What could be more lasting than the fame of one of whom it might be truly said: "By the gift of his living body he rescued the world from cancer." Such a man, in point of service, would be raised to the level of the rabbit, the mouse and the guinea-pig.



The Wheel-Horse Is All Right; It's the Leaders



#### AMERICANITIS

WAITER. — That guy's the best customer we got.  
He eats more in less time than any two of 'em!

#### MODEST MARJORIE

Now prudish little Marjorie  
Eliza Phillips-Hopper  
Sits in the lap of Luxury,  
And thinks it not improper.

But in the lap of Poverty  
She'd sit—not, it's a clincher;  
'T would never do at all, you see,  
For Poverty would pinch her.

#### PEACE IS HELL

THE Mexican revolutionists received the delegation with courtesy.

"What is your errand?" they asked. "Do we understand that you advise us to quit the game, disband, and go home?"

"Precisely!" with very great earnestness responded the chairman of the delegation. "We come to you from the Universal Peace Society. If you persist in this insurrection you may eventually triumph, and thus you will lay the foundation of endless strife within the borders of Mexico."

"How, sir?" queried the leader of the Insurrectionists. "What mean you? Once the tyrant Huerta is overthrown, our people shall dwell together in peace and harmony."

"Peace and harmony!" shrilled the visitors in one derisive voice. "Not on your lives, you won't! Don't you know, if you succeed, you reckless Insurrectionists, that you will make inevitable the organization of the D.M.R.—in other words, the Daughters of the Mexican Revolution?"

The leader of the Insurrectos staggered and turned deadily pale.

"Give the order to 'cease firing,'" he whispered, hoarsely.

WHEN some people do one a kindness they invariably begin to pat the wrong person on the back.

#### VIEWING WITH ALARM

THEY debate some weighty things in Congressional committees.

The Committee on Post-holes is in session, and, as its members have nothing whatever to do with that institution, they are discussing the Panama Canal. A naval expert from the interior addresses the Chair.

"Mistah Chairman, I am informed that the bottoms of ships plying in salt water collect large quantities of barnacles. I believe—ah—that I am correct in this assumption."

General assent.

"I am further informed, Mistah Chairman, that upon coming into contact with fresh water these barnacles immediately become loosened, that is to say, detached. To speak briefly, when vessels from either ocean enter the fresh water of the Canal all their barnacles will drop off."

No dissent.

"What's the idea?" finally inquires a plain business man who happens to be in Congress.

"Well, won't these constantly dropping barnacles have a tendency to fill up the Canal?"

#### FLORICULTURE

There are no budding authors!  
The pace is such, to-day,  
They've only time to blossom  
And wither up straightway.

#### BY ANY OTHER NAME

MRS. YOUNG.—Nellie, can you casserole?  
NEW COOK.—I don't know, ma'am—but I can tango nicely!

#### HIS FEAR

THE interrogation "Where did you get it?" causes me much less apprehension," confessed Senator Smugg, "than the feeling that some day the public may learn the answer to the question 'Where did you put it?'"

#### THEORY AND PRACTICE

##### I

"WALK!" said the doctor to sluggish Smith. "You need exercise; that's all that's the matter with you."

"Walk home from work, do you mean?" Smith asked, doubtfully.

"Certainly. It can't be more than three miles at the most; just enough to tone up your stomach and liven your circulation."

"All right," said Smith.

So much for theory.

##### II

Smith was walking home. He was walking alone—for his health. It was a serious matter—too serious for frivolous companionship.

The distance, as the doctor had said, was about three miles. On his way, just to relieve the monotony, Smith purchased and absorbed:

One glass of beer.  
Five cents' worth of hot peanuts.  
Three hunks of chocolate (slot machine).  
One penny coconut cake.  
Another glass of beer.  
One piece of cheese (free).  
One pickled onion (free).  
One five-cent red banana (fruit-stand).

Smith timed it nicely. He discarded the skin of the red banana just as he turned the last corner.

So much for practice.

##### III

We now come to the conclusion:

"There's nothing in this walk game," said Smith, as he flopped on the family couch. "I feel rotten to-night!"

#### JUST AS GOOD

"WILLIE," said the Sunday-school teacher during the review of the lessons for the quarter, "who was it that was swallowed by the whale?"

"Hoodoo," replied Willie, with the promptness born of perfect confidence.

LOTS of men know a good thing the minute the other fellow sees it first.



#### FASHION NOTE:

Hearts no longer are worn on the sleeve.





Drawn by R. VAN BUREN.

The Worst of Guests from the Suburbs—They Have that "Early-to-Bed" Habit.

SPECULATION

THREE INTERVIEWS BY OUR FINANCIAL EXPERT

i. Interview with a Millionaire:

"Have you ever speculated?"

"Never."

"How did you come to get all your money?"

"By buying stocks when they were low and selling them when they were high."

ii. Interview with a Down-and-Out:

"Have you ever speculated?"

"Never."

"How did you come to lose all your money?"

"By buying stocks when they were high and selling them when they were low."

iii. Interview with an Ordinary Man:

"Have you ever speculated?"

"Never."

"How is it that you are just where you were ten years ago?"

"I never speculated."

THE SERENADERS

A FIDDLER tried a serenade;  
She did n't smile on him.  
She scorned the music that he made,  
Zim-zim.

A fellow with a banjo came.  
The damsel did n't think  
It worth emerging for his tame  
Plink-plink.

The third arrival won the girl,  
Although his tune was punk.  
He drove up with a noisy whirl,  
Honk-hunk!

MEAN TRICK

MRS. DORCAS.—I know those two women so well who started a hunger-strike that I just can't believe they've given in.

MRS. BALLOT.—It was n't their blame, my dear. The prison authorities changed the regular fare to pickles and eclairs.

ON THE ROAD

A MAN spent three days among the heavily upholstered restaurants looking, and in vain, for a native New Yorker.

"Where are the native New Yorkers?" he asked of me.

"Many of them are away traveling," I answered cheerily, "for firms managed by the adopted New Yorkers."

POWER OF MAMMON

CRAWFORD.—Is he really so rich?  
CRABSHAW.—There's no doubt of it. When he sued his wife for divorce the papers in the case were withheld from public scrutiny, and when there was a suicide in the family the coroner's office decided it was an accident.

THE COMPETITORS

"IS THERE much competition in your office?" I asked Miss Skittles.

"Sure!" replied the facetious Miss Skids. "Between the mirror and the clock."





## THE NEWS IN RIME

Paul Poret invented a costume  
Of strictly eugenical style;  
F. Tannenbaum went to the Island,  
Where work may be had by the mile.  
The lack of American whiskers  
Seemed sad to a Paris modiste;  
The Siegel affair  
Is still tainting the air,  
And a great deal of weather came  
east.

A river was named for the Colonel —  
It must be a turbulent brook;  
Sir Asquith is now playing double,  
And Seely encountered the hook.  
The Kaiser said forty-five minutes  
Was quite long enough for a meal;  
The Houn' Dog was heard  
In its last dying word,  
And Free Tolls were laid out for  
repeal.



Miss Blese, of Berlin and environs,  
Will aeroflit over the sea;  
F. Ouimet has pattered to England —  
Will Uncle Sam win? Oh oui, oui!  
Sir Woodrow's political slipper  
Descended on Speaker Champ Clark;  
The Torreon scrap  
Altered Mexico's map,  
And the croci came out in the park.

Ed. Palmer, of Westchester County,  
Gave Princeton a stadium fund;  
Mart. Glynn's democratic ambitions  
We fear have been fatally stunned.  
A New York tonsorial artist  
Left one hundred thousand in cash;  
The lion of Britain  
Resembled a kitten,  
And Germany twirled its moustache.



Miss Burke, of the fluffier drama,  
Appeared in pajamas of pink;  
Miss Wilson selected her trousseau,  
And Huerta's investments won't  
clink.  
Old London has four million people  
And George Bernard Shaw on the side;  
The baseball infection  
Has blown our direction,  
And Gaby came back with a glide.

Society ladies, in London,  
Drink oxygen cocktails, 'tis said;  
The moon has been weighed in  
Chicago,  
And Ulster is still seeing red.  
Japan has another new Premier,  
The Mayor spoke sadly of Glynn;  
Count Zepp'lin will soon  
Build a noiseless balloon,  
And the fish yarns began to unspin.



Carnegie gave one hundred thousand  
To pension the folks at the Zoo;  
Sir Bryan's acoustics are splendid,  
And China is taking its queue.  
St. Augustine suffered a fire,  
O'Gorman has started a fuss,  
Geo. Goethals took throne  
In the Panama Zone,  
And it looks like the Giants to us.

*Dana Burnet.*

# THE SEVEN ARTS

BY  
JAMES HUNEKER

Only a faint light in the vast auditorium reveals the ruffled hair of Arturo Toscanini. It is a Monday morning, and without Spring is making its annual metropolitan "bluff." Two score humans sit in the enforced twilight of the rehearsal, and quietly chatter when the music ceases. It ceases several times, as the Italian conductor is not in the blandest of tempers; the orchestra plays with all the perfunctory irritation of a Blue Monday. Once, when Bella Alten makes her entrance in Act I, the stick of Toscanini is sharply rapped for repetition. Four music critics, all showing the emotional ravages of a hard season, yawn despairingly; Manager Gatti-Casazza, solemn as usual, says something to



Victor Maurel—greatest of Falstaffs and lagos two decades ago—and the Metropolitan Opera House black cat is led out by Signor Guglielmo Guardì for its matutinal milk. There is a slight lull in the proceedings. Otto Weil coughs, diplomatically. The few guests compare notes, for the occasion is the last dress-rehearsal of Wolf-Ferrari's "L'Amore Medico," the fifth operatic novelty of the musical season.

I suppose it is always fairer to judge a new work when the house is full, the lights "up," and magnetism afloat in the air. Singers and musicians do themselves more justice, and there is inspiration from the applause; nevertheless, for coldly critical consideration there is no such chance as at a private hearing. Nor need one ever fear a casual performance from Toscanini at such times. That extraordinary man fairly quivered with muffled exaltation at this rehearsal. He conducted without score, as is his custom, and presently his band was discoursing into the eloquence of angels (thirsty angels, of course). As for "L'Amore Medico," one may say that it is entirely worthy of its creator—a gifted, splendidly trained, though hardly an original, composer. The score, of the finest filigree, is charming in texture, the

vocal writing as bubbling as Asti Spumanti. If "Julien," by Charpentier, is a mixture of Wagner and absinthe, then "L'Amore Medico" is pure vintage, though here and there we get a suggestion of corked wine. Wagner, Verdi and Wagner—not to drag in the names of Rossini and Mozart—are the strength and weakness of the Wolf-Ferrari structure. But he is individual and he wears his Munich learning lightly. For me the first act smacked of Ferrari; the second of Wolf, and all of the hyphen. I tried this mild joke on a music critic, who smiled—a rare "Rosmersholm smile," as Ibsen hath it—and on Conductor Alfred Hertz, who laughed and said "Sehr gut!" So I'll risk it on you after such a trial by fire and jury.

Richard Strauss can't turn around without being imitated. Because he utilized, or rather because his librettist butchered, Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" for his "Ariadne auf Naxos" in 1912, Wolf-Ferrari had to turn to Molière's "L'Amour Médecin," and of the original play (it is called a "comédie-ballet") the Italian librettist, Enrico Golisciani, has made mince-meat. However, it is well adapted for musical treatment, and is fairly amusing. The doctors with their fugal gabble, and the various concerted set pieces are humorous and delightful. I missed one trait in the score that Richard Strauss would surely not have overlooked, *i. e.*, a leading-motive for the huge, sinister clyster pipes carried by the apothecary's assistants. These metal guns are always a feature in Molière. You can fancy what fun Strauss would have had with them. How the bassoon would have squozzled and rumbled! The cast, comprising that young handsome brunette, Lucrezia Bori (I had almost written Borgia), Pini-Corsi (who should really go to Marienbad for a fat *kur*), Bella Alten (conscientiously vivacious) are excellent. As a curtain-raiser, or, better still, as an operatic nightcap, nothing could be more refreshing than "L'Amore Medico."

Because I saw "Die Rosenkavalier" a half-dozen times in Germany—twice under the conductorship of the composer—is no reason why I should miss the supremely good performance at our opera. I have been told that when produced here at the beginning of this season some pious persons found the plot to be

immoral. Poor, suffering New York! So pure, so undefiled, are its theatres that this man Strauss (who is n't one half as "commercial" as was Richard Wagner) ought to be deported without the city's gates. There is no such thing as moral or immoral music, only well-written or badly-written music. As for the plot of a light opera—do we go to the theatre for sermons? What puerile hypocrisy! Better begin with "Don Giovanni," or "Carmen," or "Traviata," if you wish to be consistent. I notice, too, that when people prate of the "immorality" of Richard Strauss they usually sit through the first act of "Die Walküre," with its incestuous episode, without a blush. Perhaps Wagner's theme is only symbolic and that of Strauss concrete! Even cynical old Arthur Schopenhauer penciled "high time" on his copy of the poem which contains the stage direction "quick curtain." Let us be consistent, brethren, and not bolt the Wagnerian whale while balking the tiny Strauss herring. Von Hofmannsthal's libretto is charged with broad Viennese humor and worth a wilderness of most light-opera texts. They sing and act the work very well at the Metropolitan. Otto Goritz, despite the fact that some of his music is too low for him, is joyful, and for Frieda Hempel (I saw her in Berlin) and Margarete Ober there is nothing but praise. Ober makes love so realistically that her audience, mostly ladies, is always enthusiastic. Meg is a fine figure of a man.

I've said so much of music that I have little breath left for the production in German of Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion" at the Irving Place Theatre. Director Christians showed his enterprise in giving us the novelty, though much of its original humor must evaporate in the translation. About the Vienna success of the piece I know nothing; it was in Berlin late last autumn that it first saw the light in Germany. It was favorably received, and Mr. Shaw was able to say to his English critics: "I told you so!" (His "Androcles and the Lion" and "Great Catharine" did not score in London.) I've been informed that in private he abuses the German actors for the way they misinterpret and mangle his plays. What does he expect? He ought to have seen, as I did, "The Doctors' Dilemma," in Dutch, at Amsterdam. Then he might be content with Berlin. "Arms and the Man"—a tip-top comic-opera libretto rather than a play—is in the repertory of an East Berlin theatre, and is called "Heroes" in the translation. The story of "Pygmalion" is of slight interest, the humor elementary—indeed, of the cockney brand; but as one more hobby-horse for the author's propaganda it contains many witty lines. Heinrich Marlow and Hansi Arnstaedt were admirable foils, and their fun spontaneous.

Yes, I've been reading a lot of new books, but the Spring picture exhibitions intervened, and as the whole summer is before us, rather let us look at the canvases and allow literature to take its chances later.

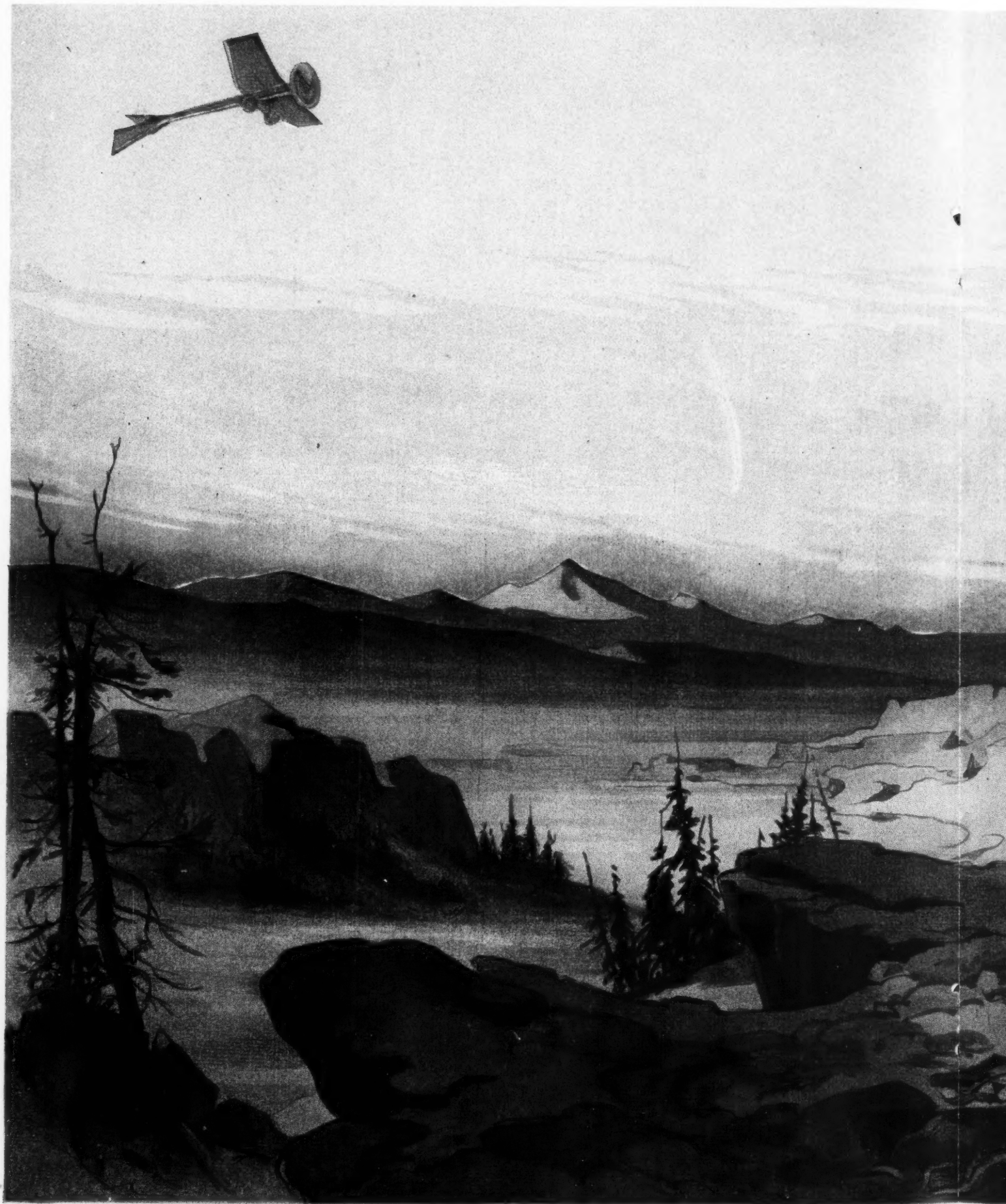
I was agreeably disappointed at the Spring Academy, for it displayed the variegated chromatics of the advanced school. The veterans were there, led by E. L. Henry (no relation, artistically or otherwise, of Robert Henri) and his elaborate traceries and rehabilitation of old-time rural life, while Mrs. E. Varian Cockcroft shocked the conservative by her emphatic nudes. I seldom pay any attention to the prize-winners, but George Bellows certainly deserved the Isaac N. Maynard prize for his full-length portrait of Dr. Wm. Oxley Thompson in the Vanderbilt Gallery. This virile, massive, pyramidal image dominates the exhibition. There is power and there is characterization. Bellows is no longer a coming man; he has "arrived," as I predicted nearly ten years ago that he would. His landscapes always arrest the eye. The Old Guard, once so "modern," now so mellow—Redfield, Schofield, Symons, and Lawson—are not absent. Redfield has a fine nocturnal effect, and Lawson's palette is the richest of contemporary Americans. Harry W. Watrous has painted the problem picture of the year, one that makes you think a lot, and rather unpleasant thoughts, though there is no denying the timely suggestiveness of the composition.

There is the accustomed quota of pretty, inconsequential, and mediocre art. I liked Robert Spencer's "Closing Hour," a canvas of individual merit,

(Concluded on page 17)











DRAWN BY JOS. KEPPLER

GREAT SPIRIT



# PUCK AT THE PLAY



## THEATRICAL RATINGS FOR Puck READERS

### KEY TO RATINGS

Quality of Performance—a good, b fair, c bad.  
Patronage (as reported)—1 good, 2 fair, 3 poor.  
Class of Show—x drama, y comedy, z musical.  
Not yet reviewed †.  
Having extraordinary run \*.  
Puck recommends—P.

Adams, Maude . . . . .	Empire . . . . .	a1xP*
Anglin, Margaret . . . . .	Liberty . . . . .	a†
A Pair of Sixes . . . . .	Longacre . . . . .	a1yP*
Burke, Billie . . . . .	Lyceum . . . . .	b2y
Change . . . . .	Park . . . . .	a2xP
Grumpy . . . . .	Wallack's . . . . .	a1yP*
High Jinks . . . . .	Casino . . . . .	a2z*
Kitty MacKay . . . . .	Comedy . . . . .	a1yP*
Marrying Money . . . . .	Princess . . . . .	b2y
Omar the Tent-Maker . . . . .	Lyric . . . . .	a2xP
Panthea . . . . .	Booth . . . . .	†
Peg o' My Heart . . . . .	Cort . . . . .	a1yP*
Potash & Perlmutter . . . . .	Cohan . . . . .	a1y*
Sari . . . . .	New Amsterdam . . . . .	a1xP*
Seven Keys to Baldpate . . . . .	Gaiety . . . . .	a1xP*
Starr, Frances . . . . .	Belasco . . . . .	b2x
The Beauty Shop . . . . .	Astor . . . . .	†
The Belle of Bond Street . . . . .	Shubert . . . . .	b1z
The Crinoline Girl . . . . .	Knickerbocker . . . . .	a2y
The Dummy . . . . .	Hudson . . . . .	†
The Governor's Boss . . . . .	Garrick . . . . .	†
The Midnight Girl . . . . .	44th St. . . . .	b2z
The Misleading Lady . . . . .	Fulton . . . . .	a1yP*
The Philanderer . . . . .	Little Theatre . . . . .	a2y
The Yellow Ticket . . . . .	Eltinge . . . . .	a1xP*
Things that Count . . . . .	Playhouse . . . . .	a2x
Too Many Cooks . . . . .	39th St. . . . .	a2yP
Whirl of the World . . . . .	Winter Garden . . . . .	b1z



BY THAD LAWSON

### "THE BELLE OF BOND STREET"

Shubert Theatre

Fine feathers do not always make fine birds; furthermore, one bird—no matter how brilliant its plumage—does not make a summer. Two birds help some.

The spring was so cold that it would discourage even the hardy woodpecker until Sam Bernard and Harry Pilcer started to warm things up. They did not tackle the job until about 10:12 P.M., and by that time we had spent nearly two hours watching a dazzling chorus, pretty scenery—and other things.

All of this is but a preliminary to our real announcement: Gaby Deslys is in our midst! Gaby—like young Lochinvar—just returned from the west, where the press criticisms were not of the best. This, however, does not seriously affect "us actresses." As an actress Miss Deslys is in a class by herself. She has no competition in her particular line of art. Her versatility and brilliancy are confined largely to the matter of plumage. One ostrich-feathered hat she wore can best be described in the language of the poet: "Under a spreading ostrich tree the shrinking Gaby stands."

Having mentioned "The Belle," we now come to "Bond Street." This has nothing to do with the plot; it just helps make the title euphonious. In speaking of the plot we desert poetry and embrace the words of a great statesman: "It dies of innocuous desuetude." This catastrophe, however, is not of much consequence, as it is a double-star show. Shortly after ten, Harry sings



GABY DESLYS AND SAM BERNARD IN "THE BELLE OF BOND STREET"

a song called "Prunella," which goes over nicely. Then Samuel lets out a few kinks, and by the time he has made several of his inimitable "falls" the audience is hilarious and appears to enjoy itself immensely during the balance of the evening.

We omitted to mention Gaby's gyrations; they are immense. Harry Pilcer also danced. Gaby resorts to a sort of "Hoggenheimer" dialect in exuding her subtle style of humor, which makes it rather difficult to get her at times. Be that as it may, when it comes to being a human clothes-tree on which to hang ornamental wearing apparel, Gaby is a classic. Sometimes a Venus, sometimes a Statue of Liberty, generally abbreviated—but always a classic.

The production abounds in pageantry. It is gorgeous; fully up to the Shubert standard. The costumes are particularly attractive. The music pleasing, but ordinary. Sam Bernard makes the most of his opportunities to inject his droll eccentricities.

Curiosity and Sam Bernard are the main attractions at the Shubert, served under that euphonious title "The Belle of Bond Street."

### BILLIE BURKE

Lyceum Theatre

Personality imbues actions; but, like the use of dye, it merely changes the color of the fabric; the real texture itself, whether wool or shoddy, remains the same.

To use a figurative expression, the new comedy, "Jerry," is not of all-wool texture. A considerable quantity of shoddy is woven into its make-up. The effervescing, irrepressible personality of Billie Burke imparts the semblance of brilliancy of color. The lack of wool, however, impairs its wearing qualities.

The plot makes but little impression on you; rather, it is one of those affairs that is

quite palatable while you are consuming it, but leaves you unsatisfied when finished.

Interest in the first act is derived from the clever character sketches. The conflict of such opposites as *Peter Flagg* (Allan Pollock) and *Jerry* (Billie Burke) is highly amusing. The sedate qualities of the other characters afford Miss Burke an opportunity to appear luminous, and Miss Burke makes the most of all opportunities throughout the play.

The second act develops more action and, incidentally, a manifestly unconvincing situation. In hands other than those of this able star, the actions of *Jerry* would appear puerile, bold—as it is, they impress you as being naïve, ingeniously piquant and, of course, very amusing.

In the last act no attempt is made to maintain the dignity of the comedy or its characters. Pure farce comedy is resorted to. Miss Burke is given great latitude in which to display her much-adored qualities and we adored her—not *Jerry*. The much-heralded pink pajamas were in evidence during most of the last act and were an important feature in adding "color" to the play.

If you are an admirer of Billie Burke superlative, see her in "*Jerry*." She appears nightly in italics and pink pajamas at the Lyceum.

### CHANGE

Park Theatre

This play was originally presented at the Booth Theatre and was treated indifferently from a financial point of view. Its return to the Park has one encouraging aspect: Most of the people in New York have yet to see it. The perseverance shown in exploiting the Welsh company in this play is as commendable as the play itself. This attraction has been reviewed in the columns of PUCK.

### LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN

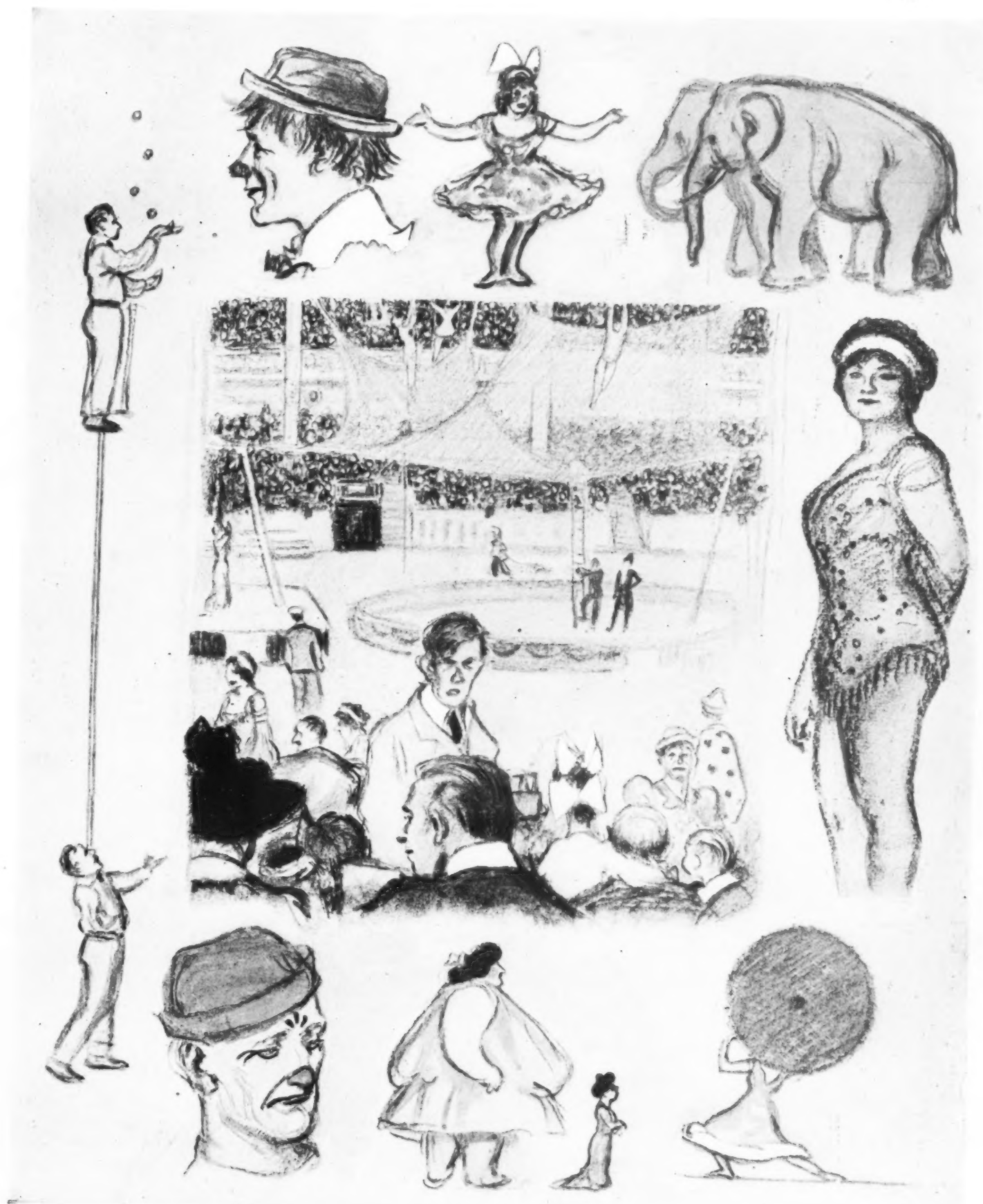
Liberty Theatre

This well-known play has been successfully revived by Margaret Anglin, and is meeting with marked and merited success. Review to be run later.



SHELLEY HULL AND BILLIE BURKE IN "JERRY"





## WITH SPRINGTIME COMES THE CIRCUS

DRAWN BY W. E. HILL



# REPAREE



WHEN a fellow declares with conviction intense  
That an artist must always be utterly free  
To live without morals or precepts or sense  
No matter how much of a pest he may be;  
When an actress talks "temperament" into your ears,  
Don't bother some brilliant retort to recall,  
That guff about art has been spouted for years:  
The answer is "Piffle!"—just "Piffle!"—that's all!

When a woman declares she is misunderstood,  
That no one divines all her moods and her ways;  
When a preacher bewails that the world is no good  
And shouts "We have come on degenerate days!"  
When an author insists that he writes just for art,  
That working for money his soul would appal,  
Don't bother to argue, but laugh from the start:  
The answer is "Piffle!"—just "Piffle!"—that's all!

When the optimist chirps that the world is all right,  
When the pessimist grumbles "It's hopelessly wrong!"  
When the business man tells how he toils day and night  
And the actor recounts how he thrilled all the throng—  
In brief, when humanity peddles out bunk,  
And everyone makes his particular stall,  
There is one perfect word to apply to that junk:  
The answer is "Piffle!"—just "Piffle!"—that's all!

Berton Braley.

## ATHLETICS OR FINANCE

MRS. WAYBACK: Here's a letter from Hiram at college. He says he finished the hundred in ten seconds.

MR. WAYBACK: Great Scott. I'll wire him to come right home. If he's spending at that rate it'll cost me about four million dollars a month to send him there.

## THE DESIDERATUM

Lives of great men should remind us  
Of this fact to make a note:  
All one needs to be a statesman  
Is a long Prince Albert coat.

## BEST OF PROOF

MADGE: What makes you think she loves him so desperately?  
MARJORIE: The other evening she sat out a Tango and a Hesitation with him.



## JUST THE CHEESE!

Herr Picklewurst, the delicatessen man,  
has home-made music for his pianola

# PERSONS AND PERSONAGES



No. 6.—Mrs. George Gould

## ADIEU TO ARID ARKANSAW!

We're movin' out of Arkansaw, the Grand Old Commonwealth; we're exodustin' some'rs else, and goin' for our health. We've sold the farm and called the dogs and tied the cow behind the waggin, and a moister land is what we 'low to find. We've packed the childern in the rig, a-settin' soft on hay; we don't know whur we're goin' to, but we're shorely on our way. Thar's me and Jeff, Bill, Dick and Sal, and Beauregard and Maw, and Grover, Dewey, Braxton Bragg, all leavin' Arkansaw. And Kate and Cute, two sets o' twins, and William Jennin's Bryan, a-drivin' from the danger zone and wishin' we was flyin'.

They've passed a prohibition law, down thar at Little Rock, that's raised more kinds of billy-hell than would an earthquake shock. It's jarred the State from end to end, and twisted it awrack, and made the moss stand right up straight upon tradition's back. It's plumb ag'in all pree-ceedent, our liberty it wrecks, and walks in tones of thunder on the honest voters' necks. The State will soon a Sarah be, just like that distant land whur A-rabs ride on camels' humps across the burnin' sand.

Aw, yes, o' course, we hate to leave; but—gosh-almighty, man!—we're hikin' out to save our lives, and goin' while we can. We're aimin' for some other State, some safer, saner land, whur snake bites and their certain cure go gaily hand in hand.

## SOME SPENDER

CRABSHAW: I don't like this government by regulation at all.

MRS. CRABSHAW: It's your own blame, my dear. If you'd given me all the money I've asked for you would n't have to bother about that old income tax.

# PUCK'S GOLF

# IDIOT

## SUCCESS AT GOLF

THE Idiot recently showed us a little book called *Success at Golf*, with chapters by Harry Vardon, Alexander Herd, George Duncan, Wilfrid Reid, Lawrence Ayton, and Francis Ouimet, and there is an introduction by Mr. John G. Anderson. We asked him to write about it. This is how he "gets after it."

These are some names, and there should be some class to a book like this.

There's nothing new in it except what's wrong, and that is n't useful.

Harry Vardon, or his ghost, says: "In coming down it is highly important to let the club-head lead."

In drawing a load your Idiot recommends putting the cart in front of the horse! The photographs of Vardon in the act of driving give the lie to the nonsense in the text ascribed to him. Sandy Herd says the old had stuff about putting in the wrist action *at the time one hits the ball*. He says, "give it a little flick with the wrists."

Forget it, Sandy—if they'll let you. Flicking is no part of the game of gof ma bonnie braw brecht laddie.

Sandy says: "One gets the slice mainly, however, by pulling in the left arm at the instant of impact."

Aweel, Sandy lad, and what's happening to the right while one is reefing the left? Stay-eth it out in the wintry blast all on its little lonesome, or slideth the faithful hickory through the finger and thumb of the right hand? Oh, forget it, too Sandy!

George Duncan tells us about the push stroke. He says distinctly that at the top of the swing one "cannot have too much weight on the left big toe."

This is nonsense. Probably George never saw it before it was printed. He has shown the stroke correctly in "Modern Golf." One can have too much weight on the left foot, let alone "the left big toe," although *the greater portion of the weight* gets onto the left foot at the top of the swing, but in the photograph of himself at the top of the swing in the push stroke Duncan shows practically all his weight on his right foot, and labels the picture "correct position of top of swing."

Duncan is a very fine coach. I do not think he is responsible for this foolishness.

Did anyone ever read the like? Scotch, ye ken. Page 55, telling one of the push shot: "Naturally there must be some pivoting." Page 62: "Brief hints about the push shot: There should be no pivoting."



Duncan playing the push-shot correctly



Aiming behind can be carried to excess



Don't pivot! Do pivot!

So—you can see for yourself. You pivot; you don't pivot. It's all quite simple. You

IF any reader of Puck can show that the Idiot is wrong, he will receive from Puck the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, and the Golf Idiot will go without salary for that week.

Address PUCK'S GOLF IDIOT, PUCK, 301 Lafayette St., N. Y. All letters, to receive consideration, must be signed with full name and address.

Letters received by PUCK'S Golf Idiot will be considered his property, for publication or other use as he may see fit. \$100.00 for the first letter each week PROVING HIM WRONG.

pays your money and you takes your choice; or if you actually want value for



Put nearly all your weight on the left big toe—in Tangoing, perhaps!

your money, and to get to the real science of the game, you take an ear of grass, pluck a seed from each side, alternately, saying as you do it, "You pivot, you don't pivot," and what comes out will be the perfect way to play the stroke!

Wilfrid Reid preaches the fatal stuff about trying to monkey with the ball "at the instant of impact."

Lawrence Ayton tells us interesting things about the "solidarity" of soil in bunkers. Bet Lawrence never heard of the word, and his ghost did n't look at Webster's dictionary before he wrote it.

One good thing Ayton does communicate, which should be emphasized. Speaking of getting out of bunkers he says: "The idea of aiming behind can be carried to excess." There is no doubt that in practice often it is; in books almost always.

Ayton truckles to the foolish fetish of the left. He remarks that "the left arm should govern the stroke all the time." *This is not true of any stroke in golf.*

It seems to me that Mr. Ouimet has been used as an excuse for this book, and that he has excused it, for his chapter on putting is the best thing in it.

The open champion decries, and rightly, too, the stabbing stroke in putting. This is what cost Vardon the championship of the United States, what has lost him many matches, and will lose him many more unless he changes his style.

Mr. Anderson says:

"And when you have read all other articles about the push shot you will come back to George Duncan's explanation as given in these pages, and know once and forever what it is and how to play it."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Anderson, it's the simplest thing in golf if one follows this book—"Pivot; don't pivot."

To make it clearer still, I am preparing additional instructions which I intend to issue in pamphlet form. In order to allay the impatience of my readers I am, however, giving the first instalment now.

"Hit the ball on the top. Be careful that first impact is on the bottom. Shake your brains over the lobe of your left ear about six inches before you hit the ball. It will be better not to interfere with your brains in any way *during the drive*. This can be done better afterward at the bar."

Of this book it may be truly said that on the whole it was not worth while. It is published by Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, and I'll bet there's little dough and so in it.



Stabbing his putt cost Vardon the open championship





The Pennsylvania Railroad (east of Pittsburgh) did a business last year of approximately two hundred millions. Its invested capital is in the neighborhood of nine hundred millions. Woolworth with invested capital of about twenty-two millions sold five and ten cent articles to the extent of sixty-six millions. It would be interesting to determine, if the Pennsylvania Railroad had dealt in five and ten cent articles instead of transportation, how large a business it would have transacted.

The other day the market was distinctly strong on reports that the President had expressed his desire to help relieve the railroads from their present plight of increased operating expenses and lessened net revenues. In response to this pleasant piece of news Erie rose to thirty, a gain of seven-eighths of a point, while American Can advanced to thirty-one and three-eighths, registering a net elevation of one and three-eighth points. And this in the face of the fact that the Can Company will help pay the freight.

Baltimore and Ohio, on a poor report of February earnings (a loss in gross of over a million and in net of more than \$450,000) went up a point. On the other hand Union Bag and Paper Co., on a good exhibit showing an increase in earnings and a brighter prospect, lost half a

point. The explanation of this bewildering contradiction is that on bad news the bears buy and on good news the bulls sell. Herewith, a simple rule that ought to serve as a guide to every one interested in the purchase and sale of stocks.

Pennsylvania's gross receipts for February fell off 12%, and the net earnings were but 25% of last year's returns for the same period. New York Central's gross decreased 25%, and the net was less than 20% of last year's exhibit. By way of contrast and to show the trend in another field, three hundred and three electric railways during 1913 increased their gross earnings 5.94%, and their net 5.70%. Evidently five-cent fares pay better than the transportation of millions of tons of freight.

One of our enterprising banks recently opened a women's banking department. A picturesque description appears stating that a woman manager is in charge, that there is a dainty writing-room and library furnished in Louis XV style, a colored maid, and Circassian walnut fixtures to match. Also that two men only are allowed on the particular floor devoted to the ladies, that the men are the tellers and that they are in cages. It was certainly considerate on the part of the managers to protect their male employees in this fashion.

An interesting item in the annual report of the United States Steel Corporation, just published, calls attention to the fact that the total tonnage of shipments was substantially the same in 1913 as in 1912. Nevertheless the total earnings increased \$29,240,215 or 24.8 per cent. This was due to the fact that the average price received for the entire tonnage of rolled and other finished products shipped was \$2.40 higher per ton for domestic, and \$4.16 more per ton for export business than the average price received in 1912. All of which goes to show that at present there is more of good fortune in being an industrial than a railroad.

The railroad companies strenuously insist that they require higher freight rates; the shippers volunteer the announcement that they are gladly ready to pay the advance, but the Interstate Commerce Commission with much dignity, deliberation, and delay, expresses the opinion that the all-important present essential is statistics.

Who says there is no competition in oil when Standard Oil of Indiana sells at 525, and Standard Oil of New York can be bought for 247?

Steel plants are said to be operating about 60% capacity; the Stock Exchange about 10%.

### SIGN HERE, PLEASE

WHEREVER you venture to show your face  
Somebody hands you a blank to sign;  
And he guides your pen to the proper place  
On the dotted line.

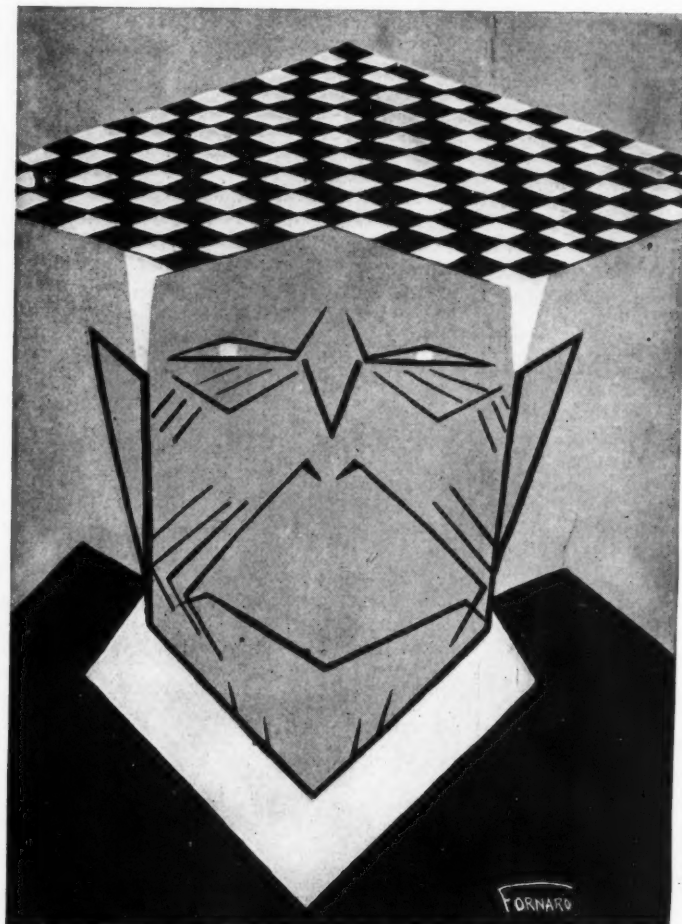
It's a thingumbob or a hankypank  
That you purchase on payments eight or nine;  
And you're urgently urged to sign the blank  
On the dotted line.

You may dodge awhile if you play the game  
With an air alert and a shrewdness fine;  
But sooner or later they will get your name  
On the.....

### THE BUSY LADY

"I once knew a lady who was as thin as a fiddle-string," related the Old Codger, "and kinda stoop-shouldered, and talked so fast that when she got fairly unbuckled and going half her words had to climb on the backs of those ahead in order to arrive in time to be of any use. She would grow real excited and red on the cheek-bones over how the lodge brethren who acted as pall-bearers tracked mud all over the carpet at the time of her brother-in-law's funeral, or how some feller whipped his wife oftener than the neighbors considered she needed it, or some interesting trifle that way.

"She went away on a visit, and soon after her return she burst a blood-vessel or something trying to tell about a powerful sermon she had heard preached by an evangelist by the name of Hitchcock or Hotchkiss, she could n't remember which. She referred to the gentleman as Hitchkoss—that is, Kitchkiss—she meant, Kotchhick—er—Kishshock—no, Hitchkick—h'm—Koshkish, Hoshkosh, Kickhick, Hitchkiss, Kickhosh—hish, hosh, kish, kosh, and so forth, till finally she had a spell. After that she kish-hished and hosh-koshed feebly for a while and then flickered out, leaving a great silence and a husband with queer ears to mourn her loss."



A Noted Golfer Who Dabbles in Oil



## THE SEVEN ARTS

(Continued from page 9)

and I wondered over the ingenuity of Louis Kronberg's ballet girls with the Degas pose. William M. Chase's big copper kettle and fish is first-class Chase, and Jonas Lie's "After-glow" (awarded the first Hallgarten prize) is alluring. Paulanship's sculpture arrests.

There are only seven of the "Ten American Painters" at the Montross Gallery this season. Again Mr. Chase conducts the paint-orchestra with his "Venetian Balcony," his portrait and his still-life. There is always quality in the surfaces of this battle-scarred hero of art. Benson, De Camp, and Tarbell represent Boston; J. Alden Weir, Childe-Hassam, and Willard L. Metcalf, New York. The latter has been in Europe for a year. His themes are new, his point of view fresher, and his attack more vigorous than of yore. Hassam's "Gorge—Appledore" is a cerulean vision. Mr. Weir is, as ever, a fascinating manipulator of the nuance.

At Durand-Ruel's a retrospective exhibition of Claude Monets piques the curiosity and enthral the eye. Here is the daddy of all the Impressionists in landscape. The moderns stem from him, and the majority see the world through his spectacles, I'm sorry to say. The etchings and dry-prints by Rembrandt at Mr. Kennedy's gallery are a magnet just now for lovers of the best in black-and-white.

I was reminded of the Strudbugs in *Gulliver's Travels* when I saw the sculpture in bronze, marble, and wood, at the Photo-Secession Gallery of Alfred Stieglitz, by Constantine Brancusi. The same protruding eyes, the same chinless face, and an appalling air of depraved senility as Swift's "Immortals." That the sculptor calls his work "portraits" of So-and-so, is beside the mark. The modeling is firm, the touch caressing—almost velvety are some of the surfaces. I prefer Jacob Epstein to Brancusi, though this is the registry of a personal opinion. What either man is seeking is a matter of artistic conscience. But let the heavens fall rather than not be yourself. Brancusi is invariably Brancusi, when he is not early Assyrian or Egyptian.

## THE Keeley Treatment

## For Liquor and Drug Users

A scientific treatment which has cured half a million in the past thirty-four years, and the one treatment which has stood the severe test of time. Administered by medical experts, at the Keeley Institutes only. For full particulars write

## To the Following Keeley Institutes:

Birmingham, Ala.  
Hot Springs, Ark.  
Los Angeles, Calif.  
March-Strong Bldg.  
San Francisco, Calif.  
Douglas Bldg.  
Atlanta, Ga.

Dwight, Ill.  
Marion, Ind.  
Plainfield, Ind.  
Crab Orchard, Ky.  
Portland, Me.  
Greensboro, N. C.  
Columbus, Ohio.

Oklahoma City, Okla.  
918 N. Stiles St.  
Philadelphia, Pa.  
812 N. Broad St.  
Pittsburgh, Pa.  
4246 Fifth Ave.  
Columbia, S. C.  
Dallas, Texas.

Salt Lake City, Utah.  
Seattle, Wash.  
Waukesha, Wis.  
Winnipeg, Manitoba.  
Guatemala City, Guatemala.  
Puebla, Mexico.  
London, England.



"I'm orfen thankful I ain't a copper. Must be a teijous life 'angin' abaht an' loiterin'." —Punch.

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

No ONE has laughed more heartily than Taft over this conundrum that went the rounds shortly after his defeat:

"What is the difference between Bill Taft and Moses?"

"Give it up."

"The Lord buried Moses where the people could n't find him; and the people buried Taft where the Lord could n't find him."—Houston Post.

## Gold Seal AMERICA'S FAVORITE Champagne

You can pay more for wine than Gold Seal costs, but you cannot get a better Champagne at any price.

Gold Seal is the American wine that proves import duty to be useless waste—also giving a false impression of superior quality by doubling cost.

Two Kinds: Special Dry and Brut

Order a Bottle or Case Today

Sold Everywhere

"All wine—no duty"



Urbana Wine Co. Urbana N.Y. Sole Maker

## BIG DIVIDEND.

"Did you ever realize anything on that investment?"

"Oh, yes."

"What did you realize on it?"

"What a fool I had been."

—Baltimore American.

The Worthington Ball Co., Elyria, O. Manufacturers of the Celebrated Diamond Brand Golf Balls. Extreme distance, durable, stay white and putt true.

## BETWEEN TWO BATHS.

A Missouri official returned in very moderate circumstances to his home town after a long career in office. His fellow townsmen thought to buy a house and present it to him.

The Missouri statesman was noted for his ability to keep on the fence. He never took a positive stand on anything, but leaned one way and then another and compromised by remaining on the tight wire.

The committee went to look at a house. It was a good house, with plenty of rooms and two bathrooms. All were pleased except one man, who said nothing.

"How about it, Bill?" the other committeemen asked. "Do you think this house is all right?"

"Nope", replied Bill. "It's unsanitary."

"Unsanitary? Why, man, you're crazy! It has good plumbing and two bathrooms."

"That's jest it," said Bill. "Them two bathrooms is what I don't like. He'd never get to take a bath with two bathrooms in the house, because he could n't decide to use one without bein' afraid he'd hurt the feelin's of the other."—Saturday Evening Post.

## FLAGRANT CASE.

"What are your reasons for wanting a divorce, madam?" inquired the judge.

"Failure to support."

"But you live in apparent luxury."

"He failed to support me for a nomination I wanted."—Wash. Star.

"VERY WELL," she said, "if you are afraid to ask father for me we will consider our engagement at an end."

"Thank you," he replied. "I was afraid you might be disagreeable about it."—Plain Dealer.



## Magical Apparatus

Grand Book Catalog. Over 700 engravings 25c. Parlor Tricks Catalog Free. MARTINKA & CO., Manufacturers, 495 Sixth Avenue, New York

## THE REAL SPOUTER.

"What is a gusher in an oil field?" asked the Old Fogey.

"The man who writes the prospectus," answered the Grouch. — Cincinnati Enquirer.



## In the Spotlight of Honor in France

In competition with foreign champagne. Great Western received the highest recognition. For brilliancy, bouquet, flavor, fragrance—for all the qualities that make champagne recognized as out of the ordinary

## Great Western Champagne

Extra Dry — Special Reserve (Very Dry)

is accepted everywhere.

The only American Champagne ever Awarded a Gold Medal at Foreign Expositions. Paris Exposition, France, 1887. Paris Exposition, France, 1889. Paris Exposition, France, 1900. Vienna Exposition, Austria, 1873. Bruxelles Exposition, Belgium, 1897. Bruxelles Exposition, Belgium, 1910.

Pleasant Valley Wine Co. Rheims, N.Y.

OLDEST AND LARGEST MAKERS OF CHAMPAGNE IN AMERICA

"It seems to me," she said, "that geniuses are always terribly self-conscious."

"Oh, I don't think so," he replied. "I frequently become so absorbed in my work that I forget all about myself."—Record-Herald.



## ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic powder shaken into the shoes—The Standard Remedy for the feet for a quarter century. 30,000 testimonials. Sold everywhere. Trade-Mark. 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The Man who put the EEs in FEET.

Ruck



THE SPIDER AND THE FLIES

PAINTED BY SAMUEL D. OTIS



# Pears'

A soft, white skin gives charm to the plainest features.

Pears' Soap has a message of beauty for every woman who values a clear complexion.

Sold wherever stores are found.

ONE of the bosses at Baldwin's Locomotive Works had to lay off an argumentative Irishman named Pat, so he saved discussion by putting the discharge in writing. The next day Pat was missing; but a week later the boss was passing through the shop and he saw him again at his lathe. Going up to the Irishman, he demanded fiercely: "Did n't you get my letter?" "Yis, sor, Oi did," said Pat. "Did you read it?" "Sure, sor, Oi read it inside and Oi read it outside," said Pat, "and on the inside yez said I was fired, and on the outside yez said, 'Return to Baldwin's Locomotive Works in five days.'"—*The Argonaut*.

"THERE'S one thing I will say for my first two husbands."

"What's that?"

"They always paid their alimony promptly."—*Detroit Free Press*.

**Special Typewriter Offer.** Remington \$15, Smith Premier \$14.50, Underwood \$35. Any other standard makes quoted upon request. P. Ritzheimer, 224 West 42nd St., N. Y. City

## A FOREBODING.

In Victoria's day the woman's array  
Was most of the time a disguise;  
All the ribbons and laces bunched up in  
wrong places  
To hide her fair form from men's eyes.

But to-day women feel it is right to reveal,  
Not to shroud, human beauty divine;  
From instep to throat, revelation's the  
note—

Indication, at least, of each line.

And some of us fear lest, in days drawing  
near.

If the last trifling modesties fall,  
The elect we may view, on the avenue,  
Without any clothes on at all!

—*New York Times*.

## SAVING CIGARS.

"We must economize if we are to be married soon, George," said the sweet young thing.

"I know it, dear," replied her companion on the sofa, as he moved up closer.

"And are you trying to save on your cigars, dear?"

"Oh, yes; don't you see I took those two cigars out of my vest pocket and placed 'em on the mantelpiece?"

And then his arms began to get busy.  
—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"I WANT you to understand," he said, addressing his seventeen-year-old son, "that I am still the boss in this house."

"All right, dad," the boy replied, "but you're a coward to make the boast behind mother's back." — *Plain Dealer*.

## HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS PAPER WAREHOUSE

22, 24 and 26 Bleecker Street  
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, NEW YORK  
All kinds of Paper made to order

## OVERWHELMING ODDS.

Walter McQueen, a person of color, faced Justice Howard in the police court at Jackson, Tennessee, the charge against him being assault and battery on the person of Lily Belle Hopper. In addition to the battered complainant three of her friends appeared as witnesses against him.

The clerk read the warrant, beginning: "City of Jackson, Tennessee, against Walter McQueen"—and so on. The prisoner scratched his head, meantime contemplating the glowering faces of the chief witnesses for the prosecution.

"Please, suh, read dat fust part over agin to me," he requested.

"City of Jackson, Tennessee, against Walter McQueen," obliged the clerk.

"Well, jedge," said Walter, "ef de whole city of Jackson an' dese foah cullid ladies is organized ag'inst one nigger, whut chance has he got? I's guilty!"  
—*Saturday Evening Post*.

## DREADED.

LANDLORD (of *Dinktown Hotel*).—That feller who just swaggered past? Oh, that's Lem Badgeley, an' he's a terror to autymobilists, I tell you!

GUEST.—Aha! the village constable, eh?

LANDLORD.—Worse; he's the only auty repair man within ten miles.  
—*Crescent*.



If I had twenty thousand pounds,  
And jewels by the score,  
And servants gay in great array  
Stood 'round about my door;  
If I had all I wished to drink,  
And, say, three kegs beside,  
And lots of girls with golden curls  
Became my joy and pride;  
If I'd a chateau on a hill,  
A palace by a lake,  
I'll bet my bottom dollar that—  
I'd be a fool and wake.

—*Sydney Bulletin*.

A Sherbet is made tasty and delightful by using  
Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in  
stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

## MANEUVERING.

"A great many of the neighbors have called to see us since we moved out here," said Mr. Crosslots.

"They did n't call to see us," replied his wife. "The report has gone out that we have a good cook and they are trying to get acquainted with her." — *Washington Star*.

## EXCEPTION.

"After all these statesmen have gone on the stand and told how they run their parties, every citizen will know the ins and outs of politics."

"Yes," said the Practical Person, "but in politics you don't get anything by knowing the outs." — *New York Press*.

## Spring Happiness is Now Due

How about that fishing trip and  
a supply of

# Evans' Ale

to make the occasion another memory marker! It requires Evans' Ale to open a good sporting season. Just the thing for yachts and motor boats or any other outing. Apply to nearest dealer, or  
C. H. Evans & Sons, Estab. 1786 Hudson, N. Y.

## WHAT'S THE USE.

She is skilled at calisthenics,  
She's an expert in eugenics,  
She has studied music, medicine, and law;  
She can dance the tango lightly,  
And her conversation's sprightly,  
But she fails to sparkle brightly  
When she's needed in the kitchen to assist  
her weary ma.

She's a fairly good soprano,  
She can thump the grand piano.  
She can run a seven-passenger machine;  
She has learned a lot of Latin,  
She has hands as soft as satin,  
And she shuns the foods that fatten,  
But her nose is red and snubby and her eyes  
are small and green.

—*Record-Herald*.

## CONVINCED.

"Did you come back on an all-steel train?"

"When the waiters and porters finished plucking me, I felt sure that it was." — *Age-Herald*.

## FOR MEN OF BRAINS Cortez CIGARS —MADE AT KEY WEST—

## A BONANZA.

"What I want to see," said the reformer, "is a city that knows absolutely nothing of graft."

"That's what I'd like to see," replied the ward politician. "Would n't this be a gold-mine for the right parties!" — *Washington Star*.

## OBJECTIONABLE.

"Let me introduce you to the most honest young man I have ever known."

"But mamma does n't want me to meet any poor young men." — *Houston Post*.

BANK CLERK.—Madam, may I see your stubs?

SPINSTER (haughtily).—Excuse me, sir, I don't smoke. — *The Purple Cow*.

USE THE FAMOUS ENGLISH REMEDY  
**BLAIR'S PILLS**  
SAFE, GENTLE, EFFECTIVE, FOR RELIEF OF  
**RHEUMATISM**  
50¢ & 1.00 AT DRUGGISTS OR 93 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

**STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP AND MANAGEMENT.**—As required by the Act of August 24, 1912.  
Puck, WEEKLY. Editor, Hy Mayer, 301 Lafayette Street, N. Y.; Managing Editor, A. H. Folwell, 301 Lafayette St., N. Y.; Business Managers, Foster Gilroy and W. G. Naylor, 301 Lafayette St., N. Y.; Publishers, Puck Publishing Corporation, 301 Lafayette St., N. Y. OWNERS, Puck Publishing Corporation, 301 Lafayette St., N. Y.; Nathan Straus, Jr., 301 Lafayette St., N. Y.; H. Grant Straus, 42 Warren St., N. Y. STOCKHOLDERS, None. BONDHOLDERS AND MORTGAGEES, None.

NATHAN STRAUS, JR., as President.  
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23d day of March, 1914. W. A. SANDS, Notary Public, N. Y. County. (My commission expires March 30, 1915.)



Gordon Grant  
14

DRAWN BY GORDON GRANT

# THE FINISHING TOUCH

## SOMETHING LASTING

GROGAN (*the grouch*). — I don't like to mention it, Mrs. Conley, but your husband owed me tin dollars when he died.

THE WIDOW.—Shure, it's nice to have something to raymimber him by!

## JUST TO PLEASE MA

IT was during a chilly spring flareback. "Cold and raw to-day, my dear," said mother, "and your chest is so exposed."

"All right," responded daughter, "I'll put on an extra coat of powder, ma."

## SHOP ACTION

FRIEND.—I suppose you forget all about baseball when you go home?

LEAGUE UMPIRE.—I try to; but only last night my year-old hopeful pegged his nursing-bottle at me!